

Halo: A Soldier's Story

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Summary: A marine and a grunt endure all that is thrown their way. My first story with multiple Chapters. More chapters coming soon! 3rd Person. Rated T for future Violence, Gore, and Bush. Well, not Bush. Added a Grunt perspective starting in the third chapter.

1. Chapter the First

This is my first attempt at a story with chapters. Hope you like it.

****Halo: Soldier's Story****

The landscape of Reach was blood red. The ground was equally the same color. Bodies lay here and there while Pvt. Tim Mithel ran with his girlfriend, Rachel. Mithel wanted to get off this hellhole as soon as possible. They had heard that the Pillar of Autumn was docked a few blocks away and was about to run for it. Pvt. Mithel and Rachel really needed to make it. People screamed all around them as human after human were buried in a hose of plasma fire, sword cuts and friendly fire shot by panicked soldiers. Mithel looked around. He had to find that damn ship. It was their last hope. There! He spotted it, nestled a few yards away. He started running. About halfway to the ship, he realized that Rachel couldn't catch up. "Hurry! We don't have much time!" he yelled. Rachel's reply was: "I can't! Iâ€|needâ€|aâ€|breatherâ€|" Mithel ran back to her. Then, they heard something rumble. They looked up at the Pillar of Autumn and found out that the engines were starting. Mithel screamed, "Quick!" and they quickly scampered toward the ship. Then something horrible happened. A Banshee swooped out of nowhere and crashed, right on top of them. Mithel yelped in pain as he gasped for air. "Help! Help me! Please!" Rachel screamed. She was dangling over a small crevasse the Banshee had created. Mithel used all his energy to struggle toward her voice. "Help! I don't want to die! Help me!" Mithel finally got to the edge of the crevasse. "Grab my hand!" He yelled. Rachel reached for his outstretched hand. It never got there.

Mithel's vision blurred, and as his consciousness came back, he found that he was in a cryo tube. Standing in front of the tube was a man, roughly 5 feet 6 inches tall. " He is starting to respond," He said. His voice was muffled. "Good. Bringing his vitals online," answered a disembodied voice. The lid of the cryo tube opened. " Whereâ€|where am I?" asked Mithel sleepily. The short man answered, " You are aboard the UNSC vessal Pillar of Autumn. On the run from Covenant forces after escaping Reach. This should all sound familiar, sir." Reachâ€|Pillar of Autumnâ€|Covenantâ€|The horrible truth sank into Pvt. Tim Mithel. "RACHEL!" He screamed, and started thrashing the inside of the cryo tube. "Woah, calm down sir. You won't gain anything from tearing that cryo apart," the short man responded. " It was all my fault, I could've saved her, I would've, and now she's gone." Mithel was starting to cry. The man offered support. " It won't do any good now. Anyway, name's Rex. I will show you what to do, and then I will give you something to eat. Those cryo chambers don't give you much comfort, eh?" Mithel wiped away tears. " Sure. I guess it's all over now." "Actually, if you ask me, I would think it's just the beginning."

Meanwhile, in a Covenant cruiser holding position just over a large installation that looked like an oversized ring, Ship Master Orna 'Fulsameestood in wait in the command bridge of the Truth and Reconciliation. Word had passed that humans were coming, and none of the Covenant wanted to miss out on the fun. They got their weapons and armor ready. The were humans to killâ€|

To be Continuedâ€|

2. Defending the Autumn

Chapter 2

Pvt. Tim Mithel sat restlessly as time went by. Rex had given him his job: Guarding the entrance to Cryo Bay 2. Mithel did not know who or what was in there that made Cryo Bay 2 worth guarding, but he took it without hesitation. Guarding a Cryo Bay was much easier than guarding the perimeters. He was given a standard-issue MA5B Assault Rifle to carry with him, along with a backpack, in which he carried all his personal belongings. He also had an M6 Pistol, given to him by his late father, and a couple of grenades. Mithel made sure all his weapons were in check, and then he turned to face his partner, Pvt. Henry Morris. Morris was standing, smoking what looked like a half-chewed cigarette. " Want one?" Morris asked. " Erâ€|No thanks." Mithel answered. He took out a piece of cloth and started to polish his assault rifle. Then, they both heard a noise. It sounded like something blew up, Mithel observed. Then, they heard plasma fire, followed by screaming. "Holy shi-" Morris snapped up, throwing his cigarette away and bringing his assault rifle up. Mithel put the cloth back into his pack, slung it over his back, clipped the pistol onto his belt, and then brought up his own rifle.

A few minutes passed before Mithel and Morris saw the first hostiles. There were three of them. The humans had called them Grunts, after the sounds they sometimes made. Morris had emptied a full clip on the first one, smashed the skull of the second one with the butt on his assault rifle, and then allowed Mithel to take care of the third. They heard what seemed to be screaming above them, but couldn't get in, because the door to the Cryo Bay was locked. How convenient,

Mithel thought, that we can't even get into the place we were supposed to defend. Just then, the door opened. Mithel automatically aimed his assault rifle in that direction, but his whole body quivered when he realized who that was. _A Spartan_! Morris was the first to put it into words. " I don't believe it." He managed to whisper. Mithel couldn't believe it either. He had heard about the SPARTAN II Project, of course, but to actually _see _a Spartan, that was something else. It was definitely something to remember. The Spartan wasn't armed, but it was still equally dangerous. It (Mithel couldn't tell whether it was male or female) ripped the breather mask off of a Grunt and bashed an Elite's head open with a clenched fist. The marines watched in wonder as the Spartan left through another pair of doors.

For a while, Mithel was on cloud nine. He had just seen a Spartan! Then, a message came through the intercom that reminded him where he was. " _Fire Team Nine, report to Back Bay_." The Captain's voice was muffled from comm static, but the message was clear. The Covenant had captured the Back Bay and had started to push the human defenders back. " _All units repel borders_." Morris said, " That includes us! Come on!" Mithel had no choice but to follow.

3. The Lifeboat and Kiyip

Chapter 3

Mithel was having a really bad day. He was stuck in a lifeboat. Lifeboats didn't really have a way in comfort. The seats were uncomfortable, the heat was almost unbearable, and, excluding the roar of the lifeboat's engine, it was awfully quiet.

Mithel started thinking about all the kind people he met aboard the _Autumn_. He thought of only one. The Master Chief. It was awesome seeing the Chief, Mithel thought. I wonder what being the Master Chief feels likeâ€|

BOOM!

"What was that?" A Marine yelled.

"Something hit us! I-I can't control this thing!" the pilot struggled for the controls as the lifeboat swerved left and right. Mithel took a deep breath. So now they were going to die. How convenient. He watched the pilot try one last time at maintaining control, then stared wide-eyed in horror as the pilot's chest erupted, sending red blood and organs everywhere. A few Marines looked like they wanted to throw up. One particular youngster really did throw up. The contents slid across the deck towards the front of the lifeboat. Mithel himself almost threw up at the sight.

A shape hurtled across the bright blue sky as Kiyip opened his eyes. The Grunt was nestled under a tree, catching up on sleep. Kiyip watched as the shape, a cone-like thing, he observed, glide over the mountains. Kiyip was about to drift back into his dream world when Gigiv ran out, squealing.

" Kiyip! Our Excellency calls us! Something about a retrieval mission and such!"

>Kiyip snapped awake.<p>

" Then why are you so excited?" He asked.

" He-he promises us extra rations if we do our job well! See? _Extra_rations!" Gigiv almost drooled at the thought.

" Is it worth risking our very own lives just for extra rations?" Kiyip countered fiercely.

Gigiv seemed taken aback.

" Uh, well, Iâ€¦"

> " Gigiv, you naughty grunt! We can have extra rations any time we want! It's just that- Our lives!"
" What about your lives, gas-sucker?" Came a voice behind Kiyip. Kiyip jumped back and turned his head to see three Jackals.

" I said, what about your lives, gas-sucker?" The lead Jackal asked again.

" Hey, it has nothing to do with you, Comu, so go away!"

The Jackals all snickered.

" Hey, look! This little runt thinks he can boss us around!" Comu exclaimed, " Let's teach him a lesson, shall we?" The Jackals moved a step forward. Kiyip and Gigiv moved a step back.

" Please! No hurt me! I'm on your side!" Gigiv stuttered.

The Jackals closed up on them as if they hedn't heard Gigiv's plea.

" What's going on here?" A new voice came in.

The Jackals gave a startled yelp, and they all turned to see their Elite commander, Guri 'Hosamee. Gigiv whimpered.

" Uhâ€¦ nothing, Your Excellency." Comu replied, trying to keep his tone nuetral.

'Hosamee craned his neck, as if to get a better look at Kiyip and Gigiv.

" Having fun with Grunts, I suppose? I thought you Jackals knew that Grunts shouldn't be picked on. It ruins their self confidence." Guri 'Hosamee said in an icy tone. Icy enough to make the Jackals freeze.

" We won't do it again, Your Excellency." Comu replied frostily.

" I am sure you won't." The Elite left. The Jackals turned to go. Before Comu left, he glared silently at Kiyip.

" Well, I'm glad that was over." Kiyip said in a quivering voice.

Gigiv looked down. " I think I just wet myself."

4. The Silver Elite

Pvt. Tim Mithel was scared. The lifeboat he was in was teetering from side to side, and the temperature was almost unbearable. The pilot was slumped in the pilot's chair, and no one dared to get off of his or her seat. The lifeboat shook.

" I wanna go home!" yelled a wide-eyed Marine.

" Shut up, soldier! We can still hope!" Rex yelled over the extremely loud noise.

"Or we'll all be dead!" Another Marine put in.

" Be an optimist! There's nothing we can do right now!" Rex yelled.

" See? You're telling me to be an optimist when you are pessimising yourself-"

The Marine stopped himself just as the lifeboat gave one final shake, then plummeted down towards the ground below.

We're dead, Mithel thought. His stomach lurched.

The Covenant soldiers took up guard positions. Kiyip took his place on top of the Forerunner structure along with his Grunt unit and 'Hosamee. The Grunt felt something he had never felt in ages. _Fear_.

" What are the human positions?" 'Hosamee asked. The Elite seemed strangely calm.

" One human vessel is aimed right towards those hills over there." Another Elite made a gesture toward the hills. " We will cut them off right when they land."
>"Good. We'll have them right where we want them."
 " Commander! May I have a word with you?" A voice asked.

Kiyip turned to see a silver Elite walk up to 'Hosamee.

Strange. What is a Spec Ops Elite doing here? Kiyip stared.

"What is it you want?" 'Hosamee replied, calm as ever.

The Elite moved up to 'Hosamee.

Kiyip's watched, wide-eyed in horror, as a _Grunt_ tailed the silver Elite nervously.

" I want you to know, that if you see a human that isâ€|different from the others, kill him and bring him to me." Silver Elite said.

Kiyip could only half pay attention to the conversation, as most of his attention was focused on the Grunt. He could sense all the other Grunts in his unit were also staring. The Grunt whimpered.

"We will notify you if we find it." 'Hosamee replied.

" _When_ we find it." Corrected Silver Elite, " Come, Yayap." The Elite beckoned to the Grunt. Kiyip could only stare curiously as the Silver Elite and the Grunt (Yayap, wasn't it?) left.

End
file.